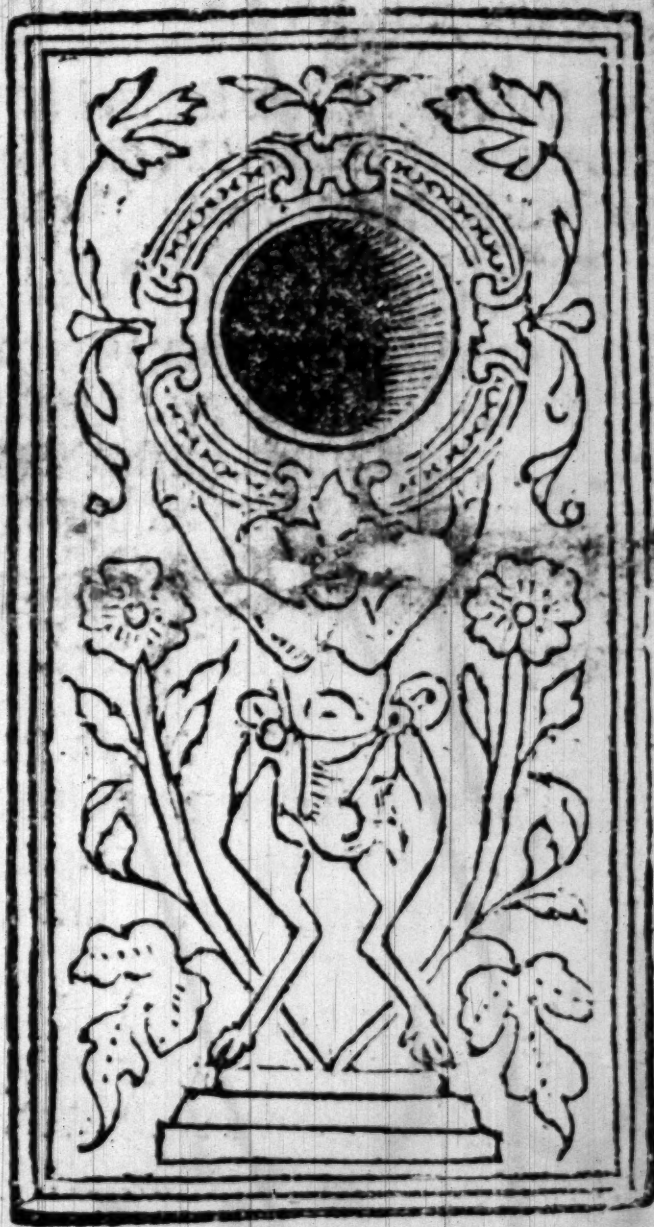


Ane prettie Mirrour

Of Conference, betwix the faithfull Protestant and
the Dissemblit false Hypocrite. In to the quhilk
may be maist easylie perceaued & knowin the one

Faithfull Protestant. To quhome he wyssheth
Grace Mercy and Peace, in Jesus Christ our
Lord, and onlie Sauour. So be it.



frō the ither. Compyld by William Lauder
Minister of the word of God. For the In-
struction, Comfort, and Consolation of all

Luke in to this Mirrour, and thou shalt cleirly kent
All faithfull trew Christianes, frō fals dissemblit mē.

To the faithful Reader

Thir Uearse ar sweit, and rycht delicius,
Unto the hart of Godlie men I ken:
Bot to the weked, tha ar rycht odious,
And comptit folie, w all vnfaithful men.

Foz of the Godlie, tha schew the trade and ways
How tha thame self, heir vpon earth dois gyde:
And of the weked, thair vice and grit decaye,
Quhilk manassing, tha can no wayis abyde.

Humblie heirfore, I walde ilk man exhort,
Thame self to crye out, be this subsequent
Gyf vice or viretw, dois maist in thame resort,
Quha find him gyltie, God grāt he may repent
And be it.

Begynnis the Conference.

The chosin children, of God and sones elect,
Reiois cheidlie, to heir his blissit wourd:
The sons of sathā, quhilk, ar frō God reiect
Abhorris þ same, more noz ane two edgit
(swourd).

The Godlie will, with pacience I embrace,
Dew Admonitioun, for thair vice and Sin:
The wekit can nocht, in che contrair cace,
Sustene reproche, syne byde thair witt, within.

The godlie will, in to gude pairt sustene,
Dew chaistiment, for thair Sin, and offence;

Punysche the wekit, tha wlll alwayls complene,
As geue tha wer, opprest be violence.

The godlie men, with pietie ar opprest,
To see thair Brethren in necessitie:
The Hypocreit, ar neuer at ease nor rest,
Bot quhen the faithfull, sustenis miserie.

The Godlie men, will do no man bakbyte:
Nowthair in patent, nor in to pryue place:
In blasphemie, the wekit dois delyte,
And frome Iniurie, his tounge can neuer cease.

The Godlie man, will vse no mokkerie,
And will no wayis, with sic baine maters mell:
The Hypocreit, will skorne contynewallie,
And neuer can finde, ane falt in to him sell.

The Godlie men, will vse no fraude nor gylis,
And will be laith, to sute men to the law:
The Hypocreit, ar euer breeding wylis,
And passing how, thair broder to ourthzaw.

The Godlie men, ar full of gentilnes,
Of Lawtie, Loue, and liberalitie:
The Hypocreit, ar full of gredines,
Of Auerpce, and Pegeralitie.

The Godlie men, tha do support the pure,
And geuis thame glaidlie, of thair geir and gude:
The Hypocreit, dois take more thocht and cure.
How tha may reauie, fro thame thair Daylie fude.

The Godlie men, Elykewise ar content,
Als weill in neid, as in prosperitie:

The Hypocreit, quhe geir is frome thame went,
Tha blasphemie God, in thair aduersitie.

The Godlie men, detest all vice, and Sin,
And all transgressour, and thair companie:
The Hypocreit, tha do delyte thairin,
Leading thair lyues, in all Impietie.

The Godlie men, no byrbs, nor buds will take,
To hurt the ane pairt, nor to helpe the vther:
The Hypocreit, will thinke no schame nor lak,
Buds to receaue, and tha wer fra his broder.

The Godlie men, will serue ane God allone,
Quhilk maker is, of Heauin the earth and seye:
The Hypocreit, mak gods mony one,
With quhome tha do, commit Idolatrie.

The Godlie men, in all thair wayis ar plaine,
And cheiflie euer, onto thair faithfull brother:
The Hypocreit, ar fenzeit fals and vaine,
Will saye ane thing, and syne will do ane vther.

The Godlie ar, repleit with lawlynes,
With louyng kyndnes, and humelytie:
The Hypocreit, thocht tha it nocht expres,
Ar full of hicht dyspyte and tyrannie.

The Godlie labours, for vnitie and peace,
For conorde, kyndnes, and tranquilitytie:
The Hypocreit, dois neuer stanche nor ceace,
To rais disorde, and Innanymitie.

The Godlie luffis, thair Pastours, for thair cure
And will be soxie, to se thame want or wrangt:

The Hypocreit, regairds nocht, we ar sure,
Thocht all the preachours, on þ earth wer hangt.

The Godlie men, will still cleue to Gods wound
Thocht tha to death, for it suld be persewit:

The Hypocreit, sa sone as cūmis the smourd,
Will it denye, and sweir he neuer kne wit.

The Godlie men, setts God befoze all things,
Befoze thair lyues, thair guds geir oz lands:

The Hypocreit, befoze God puts thair kings,
Dispyssing God, his lawis, and his commands.

The Godlie men, ar knawin be thir merks,
Rycht as the Daye, is tryit be the lycht:

Euin so the wekit, be thair vicius werks,
Ar so espyit, as derknes schewis the nycht.

For as no wayis, the fyre it can be knawin,
To be ane fyre, withouttin heit, oz lycht:

No more þ faithfull, except gude werks be schawin
Can notit be, for to be Christianes rycht.

Luc. x.

The preist, & Leueit, þ quhilk did nocht support,
The woundit man, in to his greif and paine:

Could nocht be comptit, faithful in no sort, Luc. xvi.
As was the helpfull trew Samaritane.

For zit the Gluttoun, quha fed delicius,
Could nocht be said, to haue fidelytie:

That petist nocht, the pure Lazarus,
Quhen Dogs did schew in him more cherytie.

Whairthrow þ Gluttoun, bnto the hell was send
That had no reuth, nor pietie on the pure:

All Hypocreitts, that lyke wolle dois offend,
With him in Hell, sall harbzeit be most sure.

Thus thocht we boist, Christianes to be,
Except gude werks, proceed out of our spreits:
We ar bot membrs, of Iniquytie,
And ar nocht els, bot verray Hypocreits.

Lat us heirfore, schew furth with al our mycht,
Our godlie werks, of mercy and of loue:
Quhairthrou we may, be kend of euery wycht,
The faithfull seruands, of God that rings aboue.

Lat leud affectionis, and all Impieteis,
Be mortefist, in to our membrs all:
That tha may nocht, quhilks ar our Inymeis,
Do ither thing, bot Christianes us call.

Godlie heirfore, Reioyse that hes thir sings,
Ze may be sure, that God hes zow elect:
Bewaill ze weked, that in sick vices rings,
But ze repent, the Lord hes zow reiect.

All ze heirfore, that hes Gods wourd profest,
And maid with God, and man that blyssit band
Stand ferme and stable, gyl ze wald cum to rest,
For now the Fall, approchis fast at hand.

Se that no ryches, nor wardlie pomp nor gloze,
Mak us schrink bak, now frome the veritie:
And quho so dois, to thair grit schame but more,
God will disclose, thair vile Hypocresie.

Eternall God, thy faithfull flock defend,
Preserue thame Lord, for now and euer more:
And grace, and peace, vnto thy subiects send,
That seiks nocht els, bot to set furth thy gloze.

Quod William Lauder.

Ane trew & breue Sē-

tenciūs, Discription of y nature of Scotland Twi-
ching the Intertentiment of virtewous men. That lakerh
Myches. Compyld be william Lauder, Minister of
Gods wourd. &c.

Howbeit thou war, of portrature preclaire,
And war indewit w prignant virtewis seir
And thocht i knowledge, y had no compair
That thou culd teache all sciencis perqueir,
And thocht of blude thou war ane prencis peir,
Zit in this Realme I Lat the vnderstand,
And thou Layk substance of thy awin and geir
Thow will be Lytill regardit in this Land.

Bot thocht thou be ane Ideote, or ane fule
Ane maykles monstour, withoutin wit, or lair
Ane Blunt bubo, that neuer had bene at scule,
And sik as Is, of euerye virtew bair,
Zit haue thou gud, and geir, I the Declair,
Thocht thou be weked, I put the out of dout
And thocht thou war, to sathane, Sone, & air,
Zit for thy bag, thou sall be takin out

Allace heir is, ane Cairfull Miserie,
That virtewis men, but geir ar of no pryce,
And Beasts for bags, ar in Authorytie,
I think this change, is wonderus strange & nyce,
The caus heirof, Is onlie Couattyse,
That blinds so man, that he can no wayis se,
To cheryse, virtew, And ay chaistyce vice,
Allace heir is, ane cairfull misere.

q. Lauder.

C Reathir virceto, nor wit, in to this weked land,
Doith proffeit thame, that hes nocht gud in had.

ANE GVDE EXEMPILL.

**Be the butterflie, Instructing men,
to hait all Harlottrie.**

The Butterflie, hir self for to distroye,
Upone the nycht, to flie Scho dois nocht stins
Unto the Candle, scho takis thair of sick Joye,
Quhill scho hir self, in to the Flam haue brint.
My tender freind, this in thy hart thow hinc,
And haue It euer, in thy momorve,
Quha hantes Burdome, no dout he sall be tint,
And Birne him self, as dois the Butterflie.

i. Cor. vi.

The sapient Salomon, w wemē was cōfoundit *th. Reg. xi.*
Thocht he was wyldest, that euer nature wrocht, *Eccle. xlvj.*
The force of Samson, y in to strength aboundit *Sap. vii. vij.*
Be Dalyla, was suttellie out socht, *Jud. xvi.*
The Propheie Dauid, full deir his lone he bocht, *and. xiiij.*
With mory mo, that vsit sick vaniteis, *v. Regū. xi.*
Was dyuers wayis, vnto confusioun brocht,
And Brint thame selfis, as dois the Butterflie.

Quhairfor my freinds, frō fantasie refraine,
Detest that Sin, of vice, and vanytie,
Quhill saule & bodie, both dois bring to paine,
Fle frome that lust, as frome your Inymie,
Sync in this matier, merk the Moralytie,
And lat it be to zow, ane crew Instructioun,
Thay may be all, compar'd vnto this flie,
That wylfullie, dois wick thair awin Distructioun.

Math. v.
Exod. xx.
Luic. xij.
Deu. xvj.
Psa. xcix.
i. Cor. vi.
and, vii.

Thocht men in Mariage, with thair maiks repair,
In Decent matier, no man suld It reprove,
For of that Band, God was the Minister,
Ordand of him, for our wealth and behoue,
Sen this Command, we haue frome God aboue,
Theislie for this, to hait all Harlottrie,
Lat euerie one chuse thame, thair lauchfull Loue,
That lakis that Holy gyft of Chaisterie.

Math. xij.

i. Cor. vi.
and, vii.

Quod William Lauder, Minister.

